

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

NO. 91. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1870.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

### BOOK II.

#### CHAPTER I. THE LEADERS ABROAD.

Now, shifting the scene to Madeira, to that enchanting sanatorium, where the geraniums line the very roadside, and people disdain to pluck Tom Thumbs, as being common as daisies, we find the Leader family installed, if not in the finest, certainly in the dearest house of the place. For the Leaders were chiefs of that large class in the world who, though the richest, get the worst value; who, even when they do get value, find it has no great effect. In short, they do not recognise the truth, that money alone will not do—it must be supported by a certain moral force of character.

Mrs. Leader was determined to get on, determined to revenge herself for those cruel privations, for that precious time lost when they were in humble life, and she was resolved to use all means that she possessed to gain every advantage. Alas! how she envied Lady Tallman, waiting there for her husband, the ease with which she procured everything. In fact, everything was procured for her, and came to her; while poor Mrs. Leader had infinite labour to insure the regular attentions, courtesies, &c. Accordingly, in that beautiful English hospital she pursued as many and elaborately fashionable plans as though she were in London itself. Fancy a patient in a hospital eager to know other patients of rank in the different wards! She was always eager, questing. Somebody must introduce her; and then, as from a revolver or mitrailleuse, she poured shot and bullet, dinner after dinner, and showers of attention. They had taken a fine house, with

bad furniture, then had got over furniture from England; from the same place had come a staff of servants, and from France a chef of magnitude and cost. As in the case of the lady of quality who had kindly superintended the furnishing of Leadersfort, and who had thus virtually received commission from the tradespeople she patronised, in the shape of credit and bargains for herself, so now the supplying of these present aids was confided to various persons of honour, with whom she was anxious to curry favour; some of whom were vastly amused, and even said, "Why on earth should she ask me—I hardly know the woman?" but, nevertheless, went about the task with great satisfaction. For it was patronage, and human nature never objects to patronage or power.

Mr. Leader, good, amiable little gentleman, saw all these wonderful proceedings going on about him, and tried protests in his own amiable and even pettish way. "This is all absurd, and very foolish, my dear. We can't afford it, if it goes on. What good will all this do us? These fine people don't care for us one bit more."

But Mrs. Leader would put on her sweet smile, and murmur, "What are we to do with your daughter? It is our duty to make every exertion to establish her well. She is your daughter, you know, and I am bound to do everything for her."

"Yes, my dear, but not to be extravagant, wasting money this way."

Again she shook her head sweetly. "Outlay of this sort is the best investment in the world. When she is married to a marquis's son you will never give me credit for all I have done, and all I have borne. That will all be forgotten."

"Yes; but if we are half ruined in the

mean time! Besides, she doesn't want marquises' sons; she is a good, amiable girl, and I'd sooner see her married to a respectable, sensible man, without a handle to his name, who would make her happy."

At this point of the dialogue—one that repeated itself regularly at intervals—the sweet and resigned face of Mrs. Leader would disappear, and with a certain glibness and sharpness she would decree the *clôture* of that session.

"Let us say no more about it, dear. You have lived so long among those old musty law books, you haven't got rid of the associations yet. You will make a very good country gentleman, dear, but you'll never be a man of the world. Don't talk any more, dear, or you'll worry me."

Thus it will be seen that Mrs. Leader had two sides to her character. By some spectators she would be set down as a very foolish, ridiculous woman, by others she would be looked upon with a sort of reverence, as charming, with such a sweet manner, and so clever in getting on! She certainly deserved any little honours or tricks she marked in the game of society she was playing, for she purchased them at a vast expense of money and assiduity. Thus, when the grand bazaar, for the families of some Portuguese sailors who had been wrecked on the coast, was got up by a number of ladies, it was amazing what exertions in the noble cause of charity were made by this good lady. She was asked for contributions in work, &c., like other noble ladies of the island; but offered, instead, to supply money—hard cash. Mr. Leader would write a cheque. The Countess Palayo, the governor's wife, took a chief part, and Mrs. Leader's unwearied servility to this lady was something amazing. On the evening of the bazaar she returned laden with elegant rubbish, which all the world over forms the stock-in-trade of such salerooms. The climax was reached when the countess, gratified by such support, bethought her of a rather trumpery fan, which she seemed to convey had been given to her by Her Majesty of Portugal. And this treasure she, as it were, put up to a sort of private auction. Such a stimulant could not be lost on Mrs. Leader, who, with a bold bid of fifty pounds, was allowed to secure the prize. She was very grateful to the Countess Palayo for giving her the preference. Again, Mr. Leader, looking at the pile of useless goods that encumbered their rooms, made a grumbling protest: "So foolish—will do us no good in

the world;" but was, of course, summarily disposed of in the old way.

Among the friends with whom they had made acquaintance in the island, was a General Fountain—with his daughter Maria—who was brother to the present Lord Seaman. Louisa Mary, Countess of Seaman, was a woman of vast fashion—one of the powers of the mode. Indeed, so powerful, that a pleasant friend had likened her to a railway pointsman; for she stood in a lofty signal-box overlooking all the intersecting or converging lines of fashionable traffic, and by merely touching a lever, could turn some humble luggage-train in upon the grand gauge, where the glorious expresses travelled, or shunt them off altogether. To this lady, even though afar off, the eyes of Mrs. Leader often turned fondly, and she determined within herself that the Seaman hand should admit her modest provincial waggon from an inglorious siding to the main line. But how? There was the difficulty. It almost seemed a special act of Providence when the general was discovered to be at the charming island, a little threatened with consumption. He was to be the plank on which Mrs. Leader was to cross warily to Lady Seaman. It was not difficult, as Mrs. Leader went boldly and bluntly to work. She let her attentions down on them with the force of an avalanche. They were overwhelmed and swept away by them. She took possession of the sweet daughter; heaped her with presents, and attentions, and worship, devising even a pet name for her, "Mysie." The general was a stout, round-headed grey-moustached old officer, pleasant and agreeable to any one who gave him a good dinner, or paid similar attentions. A flood of English newspapers pursued the Leaders to these shores, and the general was never so happy as when, with glasses perched on the tip of his nose, he was poring over their newest Times.

He handed over Mysie without stint or restraint to the lady who so petted and admired her. Mysie was really a nice, good girl, a little stout, full of good humour and affection, and very pleasant company. By-and-bye she became Mysikins. And among the English exiles it was a common topic of remark what a sort of romantic affection existed between the two, as though they were two girls, one a little older than the other! Some of the young men reported having met two girls in broad straw hats of the same pattern wandering on the hills. But Mrs.

Leader, as we have seen, was prepared to admit, handsomely, that she had no claim to good looks, but still she had that nameless charm which is independent of physical beauty, and which, as Doctor Findlater would say, set her only about an hour and a half behind the finest woman in England. But the ambitious lady had other aims besides advancement in fashionable life, or the gratification of private friendship. She thought of ratification by a certain marriage of innumerable aspirations of her own; that firm basis would secure her future elevation. Miss Fountain would have about five-and-twenty thousand pounds; a nice compact sum, which would come in conveniently and set up Cecil Leader. The connexion was unexceptionable, desirable, advantageous in every way. Even Mr. Leader approved heartily. Mysikins was a good girl, and he liked her. He, too, had walks with her, when his soul travelled back to the old happy days, when he went down to court, and had chambers, and was far happier than he was now. On these expeditions, he would tell her ex-cruciatingly funny stories about Judge Nodder, and Chief Justice Holborne, to which she good-naturedly listened, and which she even tried to relish. Indeed, she would say openly, that she was in love with Mr. Leader, and that he was the most charming man she ever saw, ever met with. The retired barrister was not in the least embarrassed by the compliment, and ventured on jokes in this shape, that when "the opportunity came he would come to her." These attentions Mrs. Leader did not quite relish, much as was her friendship for Miss Fountain: for though the barrister was an ordinary, unassuming, un-Adonis sort of man, her gentle heart was at times tortured with jealousy. By-and-bye it came to be understood that some matrimonial engagement was to be made, and Mrs. Leader, enlarging on future prospects with her young friend in her walks, would say, "that the wish of her heart, what she lived and prayed for, was to see Mr. Leader's son," so she always phrased it, "united to her darling Mysikins. Oh, to have her in the family, to be able to call her daughter. It would be the making of Cecil. Mysikins was too good for him, in fact. And now, dear, tell me about Lady Seaman; I am told she is so clever, so witty; can know any one she pleases." When Mysikins would read an extract from one of the Seaman letters, and the Ladies Mariner, the countess's daughters, would

sometimes write, asking about the peculiar Portuguese ornaments met with in the island, Mrs. Leader would say she longed to know that august mother of the Gracchi, that she had a sort of admiration for her gifts. And then the future daughter-in-law would join warmly and cordially, and say that in her very next letter she would tell Lady Seaman. In this ornament question she volunteered her services.

"It will give you such trouble, dear," she said, "and you must not overwork yourself. Leave it to me." And she forthwith went round the jewellers' shops, and purchased some costly filigree work, which she brought in to her friend. "Just say, dear," she said, sweetly, "that I chose them. We can send them over now; there will be time enough to talk about the price. In fact, the man does not know as yet." In fact, the man never did know; and, through putting off, and forgetfulness, and long lapse of time, the Ladies Mariner and their mamma actually enjoyed the use of these adornments without having to disburse a farthing. They could not but feel, as Mrs. Leader well knew, some gratitude for this cheap enjoyment. And the investment, it was certain, would bear fruit in time. Mr. Leader had timorously hinted at the matter to the general, who said, in his off-hand way, "He was sure Master Cecil was a fine officer-like fellow, and that he should like him."

Meanwhile, the daughter of the Leaders was recovering slowly, and was presently well. Suddenly General Fountain announced that he must return home; he was uncommon sorry, and all that, but go they must. With a semi-surprised look of pleasure and wonder in combination, Mrs. Leader looked sweetly at her husband, then at her daughter. "My dear, why shouldn't we? How shall I get on without dear Mysikins?" In short, it was arranged, with delightful enthusiasm, that they should journey home together, the invalid being now quite restored.

The establishment was broken up, and a frightful bill brought in—such as, indeed, if brought in for the keep of half a regiment, would have been alarming for the commissariat. Above all, the major-domo, or steward, with the French chef, entered into a sort of conspiracy to be aggrieved by this sudden dismissal, and insisted on a species of damages, or compensation, which Mrs. Leader indignantly repudiated, with a semblance of honest indignation against imposition. But the chef and major-domo,

the latter a wily Italian, immediately applied to the corrupt courts of the island, whose sole principle of equity was that opulent strangers, and especially opulent English strangers, were to contribute handsomely on all occasions to their needy dependents.

The court decreed that Milor Anglais was to pay.

"I told you, my dear," said Mr. Leader, petulantly, "I knew this would be the result."

"Well, my dear, it was very foolish of you to go to law. But they are dreadful people."

"But what are we to do? I shall be ruined with all these expenses."

Mrs. Leader looked round with that hopeless expression she sometimes had. "What are we to do, dear? The best thing for you is to pay it, and save further expense."

Mr. Leader, fretted and harassed, had to pay the money, and, all bills being at last settled, they set sail in the P. and O. packet, to use the appropriate slang.

Mr. and Mrs. Leader had, of course, the best cabin and accommodation. For this compliment they had again to pay with an almost frightful usury. Yet, by some strange dispensation, the general and his daughter obtained accommodation precisely the same without any extra expenditure whatever! The voyage was charming; the captain was some distant connexion of Lord Merriman, and, of course, was duly compensated for his civilities by a costly present. Yet again, the general and his daughter were treated with rather more civility, and gratuitously; but this is only the old story, "worth makes the man, crude wealth the fellow;" it wins no more respect in that shape than sheer poverty.

That voyage was marked, in reference to Mrs. Leader, by a sustained ko-too. There was an honourable lady on board to whom Mrs. Leader paid adoration, even in the extremity of sickness. Her disorganised mechanism rendered her the special victim of this cruel malady; yet such was her gallant spirit, that, with this weight of agony on her, she was seen to walk across the deck, and go through various fashionable offices to conciliate the person of honour. However, the voyage was not very stormy; and, at last, the whole party was happily established at the great private family hotel, Starridge's.

#### CHAPTER II. COUNCIL AND PREPARATION

To write a letter at Starridge's was set down at a shilling, and it was a compli-

ment of an extravagant sort to be allowed the privilege of an apartment there. Mrs. Leader had secured this favour with some difficulty from the present proprietor. Here, again, General Fountain was treated to moderate charges, and singular civility, simply because he did not care how he was welcomed; but the wealthy commoners, "some Leaders, or other," said the representatives of Starridge, got but poor value for their outlay.

The very night that Mrs. Leader was installed at Starridge's, she began to plan out that country campaign to which she had been looking forward. The house at Leadersfort was to be filled. The coachman, with a dozen fine horses bought by the coachman himself, was to go down at once. The place was to be fitted up. The general, "the dear general," was to come down, with other distinguished persons. Vast and elaborate preparations were set on foot, chiefly through the agency of an entrepreneur and skilful people, who were all sent down, and given carte blanche. In vain Mr. Leader protested. It was absurd, and of no use, and would certainly end in his ruin. "Childish," said Mrs. Leader; "we must do something for her." In the thick of these preparations a letter from Mr. Randall Morrison arrived. It ran: "I hope you got my letter and telegram; you should not lose any time in coming here, for the crisis is urgent." Crisis urgent! What did Randall mean? Another telegram to bid him come to town and come to Starridge's at once, which he did. And then they learned the precipice upon which they were standing.

"That wily Doctor," said Mr. Morrison, "has got the foolish fellow under his thumb. The whole town is talking of it, you must act at once and speedily. He is under some miserable infatuation; and I do really fear this low Doctor will get hold of him, unless something be done at once."

Mrs. Leader nearly fainted at this news. It was a true and genuine shock. That low, grovelling, scheming Doctor, to dare to meddle with her family—to dare to interfere, even unconsciously, with her plans! He was mere dirt and mud, and she would tramp and "puddle" him into perfect slush. Still, she could hardly credit such effrontery—there must be exaggeration of some kind. A contemptible apothecary creature of that description to venture to plant himself in her path! It was scarcely likely.

The Leaders now sat in their drawing-



room first-floor, the same that was occupied by the royal cousin of an illustrious personage, for whom there was no room at any of the palaces, and who was, therefore, boarded out. For this Starridge charged fifteen guineas a week—and cheap, too, as it was the height of the season. There they first heard Mr. Morrison's wonderful tidings.

"The fool," said Mrs. Leader, "the weak creature! His head must be going. I didn't think he'd be so childish."

"It's an infatuation. They have quite got round him, and he is in terror of his life of that Doctor."

"Low quack—free and familiar, too! We'll dispose of him. It's only a fancy."

"It's more," said her brother; "he's quite blinded by them."

"I didn't think there was so much good in him, to tell you the truth. I remember them now. Beautiful girls! Which of them is it, Randall?" said Mr. Leader.

"Oh, that Polly!" said he, impatiently. "People of this class always make themselves up to take in young officers. Now, I see how it will be. We'll have no end of trouble getting this whim out of his head."

"But if he likes her, mamma?" pleaded the recovered daughter.

"That's not our concern," said Mrs. Leader. "But it's nothing—these country-town adventurers go to desperate lengths to secure any young man of fortune. It means nothing, and they know it well. They are used to it. Wait until we get down, and you'll see how they will shrink away."

"Yes," said her brother, reflectively. "But, in the mean time, I assure you, we don't know what may happen. That Doctor would stick at nothing; and once they hear you are arrived—"

"Well, then, we shall go down at once. Where does he live?"

"Next door to this old schemer."

Mr. Leader laughed.

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Leader, with disgust. "What bold creatures they are! I took their measure that day we saw them at the church. Mere flaunting adventuresses! Who are they, where do they come from?"

"I hope to make out about them before long. I know there is something shady about him."

"My dear Randall, I tell you it's what these people are well accustomed to; Cecil daren't think more of them. And if he likes to amuse himself with them he is

welcome, and it will be some practice for him."

Mrs. Leader was rather thoughtful that night, and spoke differently to her husband, who said, in his homely way, that, for his part, he would like to see Cecil married to "a good, steady, sensible girl that would make him happy." A sentiment which threw Mrs. Leader—considered among her friends to be so sweet—into one of those furies to which she was sometimes subject, and during which the angust head of the Leader house was buffeted about, morally speaking, in the most contemptible fashion. On such paroxysms, the whole house was affected, the servants even dreaded them, and contributed to allay them. Her present anger was increased by the crowd of bills, which quite took the bulk of a special post, and by the necessity for getting money.

However, other matters now got on more successfully. Desperate pressure had been laid on the good-natured General Fountain to secure an introduction to the Countess of Seaman, and though he wondered a little at this ardour, he at last succeeded in getting some cards left at Starridge's.

Lady Seaman, with all her fashion, was not at all indisposed to know a certain class of people, after a certain class of way, if the latter were content to accept such patronage. Just as she would have liked a bank with plenty of money lying ready at her call: so she always liked having a good store of convenient people, rich, but lower in degree, on whom she might draw for hospitality, country air, obsequiousness, presents, and goods of various kinds. Therefore, when she heard of these people, and all about them, and received a hint from the general as to the little matrimonial plan he had in view, she assented to the introduction. Thenceforward Mrs. Leader revelled in self-abasement, and worship, and attentions of all kind; and a bazaar then, almost providentially, coming on, she was enabled to expend this homage in such a lavish and magnificent way, as fairly to dazzle the great lady. If Mrs. Leader were called on to estimate in money the cost of that introduction, it could not have been set down at less than one hundred pounds. But she gained this further honour also. The countess even consented to come down and visit Leadersfort.

Such being the programme, we now return to the little town, where the Doctor came home one night in his worst humour,

and announced to his family, that the Leaders were all up in London, and that the housekeeper said they were coming home to-morrow night.

### A LOVER OF TREES.

No people in the world take such intellectual pleasure in trees as the people of the British islands. The squirearchy and aristocracy, in their beautiful country homes, find almost as much enjoyment in their ancestral oaks and over-arching avenues of elm, lime, beech, and chestnut, as they do in their picture galleries and libraries. The overthrow by storm, or natural decay, of an ancient and picturesque tree, in a shady corner of their domain, afflicts them sorely. None but the veriest scapegrace and spendthrift will sell his ornamental timber without a pang and a struggle. Englishmen who are proprietors of no paternal acres, and who pass their long and useful lives in striving to amass fortunes, perhaps to build up a county family, have in the intervals when even the busiest men must unbend, delightful visions of a coming time, when, in the evening of their days, they too may sit under the shadow of their own vines or fig-trees, "with none to make them afraid." Descending yet another step in the social ladder, the clerk, the shopkeeper, the mechanic, escaping from the over-populous city where their daily lives are spent, rush to the green fields and the shady trees, with keen appetites for the beauties and pleasures of the country. The French have a great love of flowers, but not that passionate admiration for trees which is a part of our British idiosyncrasy. The Americans have not yet arrived at that point in social history, when antiquity, whether it be in the shape of a tree or an edifice, claims respect or admiration. They have, moreover, found the soil of their fertile continent too greatly encumbered with trees that are neither useful nor ornamental, to be justified in allowing forests to occupy the space that is better devoted to farms and corn-fields. The tastes and habits of the people do not lead, and are not likely to lead, to the growth and establishment of great rural and aristocratic families among them, and such luxury as wealth commands finds among the Americans its field of display in the city rather than in the country. A distinguished American, on a visit to London, was taken by an English friend to dine at

the Star and Garter, at Richmond, and was, as a matter of course, desired to regale his eyes with the beautiful natural panorama that is visible from the Terrace. The Englishman, accustomed to admire the sylvan loveliness and umbrageous verdure of the view, with the clear Thames flowing through the landscape like a thread of gold over a tissue of green velvet, expected that the American, as a man of taste, would sympathise in his feelings. "Yes," said the American, "it is 'handsome' enough, but it seems to me that it sadly wants clearing!"

The English were always lovers of trees. Without going back to the time of the Druids to prove the fact, or to the entries in Doomsday Book to corroborate it, but coming down to the later days of Chaucer, Spenser, and our ballad literature, we find such frequent and joyous allusions to the "merry green wood," as to make it evident that a life in the forest glades was one which had peculiar charms in the imagination of the people. The opening stanza of the old ballad of Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne,

When shawes are sheen and straddles full faire,  
And leaves both large and long,  
'Tis merry walking in faire forest,  
To hear the sweet birds' song,

expresses the popular sympathy with the sights and sounds of nature, which is one of the healthiest components of our English character.

The long and sanguinary civil wars of the Red and White Roses, that ruined so many of the foremost English nobles, and put new men in their places, who did not value the ancestral trees, except for what they would fetch as timber; the dispossession of the monks from their cosey monasteries by Henry the Eighth; and the series of commotions, wars, and revolutions that began under Charles the First, and only ended with the flight of James the Second, produced disastrous effects, not only upon the ornamental trees that are the delight of the landed aristocracy, but upon the woodland districts and forests of England. On the restoration of Charles the Second, when men's minds had somewhat calmed down, after the long perturbations of civil strife, and they had leisure to bestow their attention upon the minor matters that had been neglected when the state itself was in danger, it became a common subject of complaint that the five previous generations had been prodigal and wasteful in the matter of trees, and that while war and cupidity had

been busily engaged in cutting them down, nobody had been replacing the loss by planting. It was even feared, so great was the scarcity of oak, that the country might, in the event of a foreign war, find itself without timber for the construction of a navy.

But, whenever a great work has to be done, a man is found to do it. And so it happened in this case. The hour came, and the man came along with it; not in the shape of a great and despotic king, emperor, or conqueror, whom to hear was to obey; not in the shape of a parliament or a legislature to frame a law and compel obedience to it; but in the shape of a quiet, studious, philosophic country gentleman, with a book in his hand, of which the facts and the logic were sufficient to convince the nation that a very important duty had been too long overlooked. The remedy followed speedily upon the public appreciation of the evil. The wealthy English landlords set vigorously to work in the systematic plantation of trees, especially of oak, and many a noble tree now standing in many a beautiful park and avenue, and many a shady elm by the roadside and in the green lanes of England, owes its propagation to the taste thus evoked. The country gentleman, who had sense and patriotism enough to lead his countrymen to devote themselves to this useful and elegant pursuit, was John Evelyn, of Sayes Court, near Deptford; and the book was *Sylva*, or a Discourse on Forest Trees and the Propagation of Timber in His Majesty's Dominions. The volume had been previously read before the Royal Society, of which the author was a prominent member, and had been suggested by certain inquiries addressed to that learned body by the Commissioners of the Navy. The manuscript was read before the society in October, 1662, and was ordered to be printed at its cost, being the first book that ever received such an honour at its hands.

Before speaking further of the contents of a volume that was destined in due time to do so much to improve the face of Merry England, a short account of the amiable author may prove interesting to a generation that knows little of him but his name. He was born at Wotton, near Dorking, in Surrey, and was the second of the three sons of Richard Evelyn of that place; a country gentleman with a rental of about four thousand pounds a year, which was equivalent in that day to a rental of about ten thousand pounds in our own. John

Evelyn and his elder brother George, who ultimately succeeded to the patrimonial estate, studied together at Oxford. On leaving the university, they both entered themselves as students of the Middle Temple, not so much with the view of making law their profession as of obtaining the social position of barristers in addition to that of country gentlemen. Neither of the brothers appears to have had much relish for law, nor to have attained any proficiency in it. After the death of Richard Evelyn from dropsy, in 1641, George betook himself to Wotton, and John made a tour on the Continent, and served for a short time as a volunteer in the king's army in Flanders. Returning home towards the end of the year, he went to live at Wotton with his brother, to whom he was much attached, making occasional visits to London, where he relates that he "studied a little; but danced and fooled a great deal more." With the design, it would appear, of avoiding all part in the political troubles of the times, he retired once more to the Continent in 1643, and spent his time in travelling through Belgium, France, and Italy, noting every thing that was noteworthy, and storing his mind with knowledge of pictures, architecture, and natural history, as well as of men and manners. In the year 1647, he arrived in Paris, where he made the acquaintance of the British ambassador, Sir Richard Browne, "with whose lady and family," he says in his diary, "I contracted a great friendship, and particularly set my affections on his daughter." Mary Browne was very young at the time, being only just turned fifteen. Evelyn appears to have thriven well in his wooing, for he records in his diary, just thirty-six days after his first mention of the young lady, that he was married to her in the chapel of the embassy, by Dr. Earle, chaplain to the Prince of Wales.

Recalled to England by the state of his private affairs, which required his attention, as he had been well provided for by his father's will, he left his juvenile wife behind him with her father and mother, and did not rejoin her till a year and a half had elapsed. Among the very first places which he visited on his return to England, was Sayes Court, Deptford, the country house of Sir Richard Browne, which he afterwards inherited in right of his wife, and where, during a long and happy life, he indulged himself in those favourite pursuits of gardening and planting, which enabled him to write like a master of the art, and to produce a book

of such authority as Sylva. Though he had a strong political bias, hated Cromwell, and adored the memory of Charles the First, without ever having expressed any great enthusiasm for the royal person during the king's lifetime, he found it politic and necessary to walk warily during the days of the Commonwealth, and to avoid getting either himself or his estates into trouble by his plain-spokenness. In this sage resolution he persevered—a suspected, but an unmolested citizen—and in his quiet, unobtrusive manner, paying all requisite respect and obedience to his *de facto* rulers, not without an occasional sigh, as his diary shows, for the return of the ruler *de jure*.

On the restoration of Charles the Second, Evelyn was taken into the high favour and confidence of the king, and remained during his whole reign on terms of familiar intercourse with that easy-going monarch.

John Evelyn was not in a position to require offices of emolument from the state, but he accepted some offices of trust and honour. He was a commissioner for taking care of the sick and wounded in the Dutch war; a commissioner of Greenwich Hospital; a commissioner for the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral; a commissioner for the regulation of the Mint; a commissioner for the improvement and widening of the streets of London, and one of the original Lords of Trade and Plantations—the precursors of the present Board of Trade. But none of these public duties interfered with his planting and gardening, or with his enjoyment of all the intellectual and convivial society of the time. He was personally acquainted with all the celebrated men of the day—except with those who, in his opinion, were defiled by their revolutionary politics, and by the support they had given to Oliver Cromwell—and was familiar with all the popular literature of the day, in which, it may be remarked, that the works neither of Shakespeare nor of Milton were included. The fashionables of that age had scarcely heard of the one, and only knew the other as a rebel. The most famous poet of the period was Abraham Cowley, betwixt whom and Evelyn there was much congeniality of taste, more especially in the matter of gardens. To the third edition of Sylva, Evelyn prefixed a letter and a poem addressed to him by Cowley. In the letter, dated August 16th, 1666, Cowley declared that he never had any desire so strong, or so like covetousness, as that which he still had, and always had, of being master of a small house and a large garden, that

he might there dedicate the remainder of his life to culture and the study of nature. "I know," he added, apostrophising Evelyn, "nobody that possesses more private happiness than you do in your garden; and no man who makes his happiness more public, by a free communication of the art and knowledge of it to others. All that I myself am yet able to do is only to recommend to mankind the search of that felicity which *you* instruct them how to find and enjoy." In the accompanying poem, In praise of Gardens, and of the delights which the philosophic mind may find in rural pursuits, Cowley represented that "God the first garden made, and the first city Cain." This passage must have been in the mind of William Cowper, more than a century afterwards, when, with far inferior point, he wrote, "God made the country, and man made the town." Both the poet and the philosopher were of one mind on the subject. "Methinks," said the former,

I see great Diocletian walk  
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,  
Which by his own imperial hands was made.  
I see him smile methinks, as he does talk  
With the ambassadors, who come, in vain,  
T'entice him to a throne again.  
If I my friends (saith he) should to you show  
All the delights which in these gardens grow,  
'Tis likelier much that you should with me stay,  
Than 'tis that you should carry me away.

Evelyn continued to reside at Sayes Court, and occasionally in London; one of the busiest men of his age, although one who, to the world, appeared among the least busy, until his seventieth year, when, by the death of his elder brother without heirs, he entered into possession of the paternal estate of Wotton. Here he had even better scope than at Sayes Court for his favourite avocations, and continued planting and improving for sixteen years longer, when he died, in his eighty-sixth year, leaving his affectionate wife to mourn his loss for three years, and a young grandson, who succeeded to the property.

Evelyn had few sorrows during his long and blameless life but such as happen to all who live to advanced years, such as the loss of beloved children and dear relations and friends. One of his most serious afflictions (happy he that has none greater than this) befel him, in an evil hour, when he let his residence at Sayes Court to an illustrious foreigner. On becoming possessed of Wotton, the seat of his ancestors, in the year 1690, he was in the habit of letting the inferior but still very beautiful seat of Sayes Court, and had found a tenant in



Admiral Benbow, to whom the place was let unfurnished for three years, on condition that he would keep up the darling garden as Evelyn had left it. The next tenant was no other than "the Czar of Muscovy," as he was then called: the Peter the Great of Russian history. The czar came to London in 1698 to study the art of ship-building, and desired to live near Deptford Dockyard. In an evil hour the house was let to him, and he became a great thorn in the flesh of poor Evelyn. The philosopher was approaching his seventy-ninth year, and all the philosophy left to him was severely tried by the ruthless proceedings of the semi-barbarian vulture which he had unluckily admitted into his dovecot. The czar desired to visit the dockyard by the shortest route from Sayes Court, and not finding such a route, he made it by cutting a hole through the wall of Evelyn's domain. But to destroy a wall is a small matter, for a wall can be repaired or rebuilt, and it is nothing but a question of money; but who shall repair a tree? Who shall make good the destruction of an ancient and picturesque hedge of holly, that it has taken the lifetimes of a man and his father to bring to perfection? This was what the czar did. He was fond of robust exercise, and of trundling a wheelbarrow full of stones. In pursuit of this latter pleasure in his own grounds (for the time being, and as long as he paid the rent), he made a large gap through the holly hedge, which was dearest of all other things in and about Sayes Court to the heart of John Evelyn. "Is there under the heavens," said the philosopher, in the last edition of his *Sylva*, the fourth which he lived to see through the press, "any more glorious and refreshing object than an impregnable hedge of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can still show at this time in the year in my ruined garden at Sayes Court (thanks to the Czar of Muscovy), glittering with its armed and variegated leaves? It mocks the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, and hedge-breakers." The "beast and hedge-breaker"—he was certainly one of the two in Evelyn's estimation, if not both—did other and more reparable damage, altogether to the amount of a hundred and fifty pounds, which was assessed after the czar's departure, and paid by the government of William the Third. The house did not fare better than the garden, though Evelyn did not care so

much about any damage done to the former, provided he were paid for it. His manservant, left in charge, wrote to his master that the house was full of people "right nasty;" that the czar slept in a room next the library; that he dined twice a day, at ten in the morning and six in the afternoon; that he changed his dress several times daily (from that of a workman to that of a gentleman), and that one day, when the king was expected, "the best parlour had been got pretty clean for him;" that is to say, as clean as it was possible to make it, with such a barbarian upon the premises.

Evelyn's book, presented to the world under the patronage of the king, the Royal Society, and of "Society" itself—a power in those days quite as great as it is in ours—was a decided if not a rapid success. It is not written in so easy and natural a style as his *Diary*, which he did not intend for publication, and abounds with learned words derived more immediately from the Latin, many of which, in an advertisement prefixed to the work, he thought it necessary to explain to the uninitiated public. Among the words which he thought might be obscure and unfamiliar were several which, in our time, are very old and well-known acquaintances; such as "avenue," "bulb," "compost," "culinary," "culture," "esculent," "exotic," "fermentation," "homogeneous," "heterogeneous," "irrigation," "laboratory," "mural," "parterre," "perennial," and "vernal." Among the pedantic words which he thought it necessary to explain, and which neither his example nor that of any one else has yet naturalised in English speech or literature, are "ablaqueation," the laying bare of the roots; "frondation," the stripping of the boughs; "hyemation," production in winter; "ichnography," the ground plan; "letation," dung; "lixivium," lee; "olitory," belonging to the kitchen garden; "stercoration," manuring with dung; and "tonsile," that which may be shorn or clipped. Among the words that he used and did not explain, because he considered them "obvious," are many that are not at all obvious to his readers of the nineteenth century; such as "lapidescent," "surbated," "lignescence," "improsperity," "insidious," "politure," "stramental," "subduction," "suberous," "procerity," "lux," and "emolumental."

As the main object of the work was to induce English gentlemen to plant oak trees for the service of the state in the

event of war, and the secondary object was the plantation of other trees for ornament and beauty, the author, as a matter of course, began with the oak as the tree par excellence: not only, he said, "because it was held in high esteem by 'that wise and glorious people,' the Romans; but because it carried it from all other trees whatsoever for the building of ships in general, and particularly for being tough, bending well, strong, and not too heavy, nor easily admitting water." In his instructions for the planting, the culture, the transplanting, and the management of this tree, Evelyn invariably wrote like an adept; and though sometimes historical, classical, and poetical in his allusions and quotations, he is in the main scientific and practical. "To enumerate," he says, "the incomparable uses of this tree were needless, but so precious was the esteem of it, that there was an express law among the Twelve Tables concerning the very gathering of the acorns (oak-corns), though they should be found fallen into another man's ground. The land and the sea do sufficiently speak for the improvement of this excellent material. Houses and ships, cities and navies are built with it." And not only in his estimation was the oak timber to be admired for its uses, but the bark, the acorns, the leaves, its very disease, the gall, were each and all of utility to mankind. "Of the gall," he says, "is made spa-water. It is the ground and basis of several dyes, especially of the sadder colours. Nor must I forget ink, composed of galls, copperas, gum-arabic, and claret, or French wine. Of the very moss of the oak, that which is white composes the choicest cypress powder, which is esteemed good for the head; but impostors familiarly vend other mosses under this name, as they do the fungi, excellent in hemorrhages and fluxes, for the true agaric, to the great scandal of physic. Young red oaken leaves, decocted in wine, make an excellent gargle for a sore mouth; and almost any part of this tree is sovereign against fluxes in general, and where astringents are proper. The dew that impearls the leaves in May, insolated, meteorises, and sends up a liquor which is of admirable effect in ruptures. The liquor issuing about between the bark, which looks like treacle, has many sovereign virtues; and a water distilled from the acorns is good against the phthisick and stitch in the side, heals inward ulcers, and breaks the stone; nay, the acorns them-

selves, eaten fasting, kill the worms. The leaves of oak, beaten and mingled into honey, cure the carbuncle, to say nothing of polypods and other excrescences; of it innumerable remedies are composed, noble antidotes, and syrups." And as if all these virtues were not sufficient in the good man's estimation with which to endow his favourite tree, he wound up his eulogy by stating, what he did not expressly say he believed, though he left the reader to infer his credence, "that it is reported that the very shade of the tree is so wholesome, that the sleeping or lying under it becomes a present remedy to paralytics!"

The elm, dear to all lovers of English scenery and poetry, is next in Evelyn's list. "I know," he says in his magniloquent way, "of no tree among all the forests, becoming the almost 'interminat contananza' of walks and vistas, comparable to this majestic plant. . . . The elm is, by reason of its aspiring and tapering growth, the least offensive to corn and pasture grounds, to both of which and to cattle it affords a benign shade, defence, and agreeable ornament." It will serve no purpose to enumerate, as Evelyn does, all the manufacturing and commercial uses of this tree, and the various tools, implements, and commodities which may be made of it. He incidentally mentions the coffin as one of them; the coffin, which to the mournful imagination of poor Thomas Hood in his beautiful poem of *The Elm Tree*, seemed the only manufacture for which its timber was designed:

And well the abounding elm may grow  
In field and hedge so rife,  
In forest, copse, and wooded park,  
And 'mid the city's strife,  
For every hour that passes by  
Shall end a human life.

Evelyn looked at things more cheerfully, and found the elm beautiful and useful for the living, and, like the oak, a plant in all its parts of high medicinal virtue. "The green leaf of the elm contused," he informed his readers, "heals a green wound or cut, and, boiled with the bark, consolidates fractured bones. All the parts of this tree are abstersive, and therefore sovereign for the consolidating wounds, and assuage the pains of the gout. The bark, decocted in common water to almost the consistence of a syrup, adding a third part of aqua vitæ, is a most admirable remedy for the ischiadica (gout in the hip), the place being well rubbed and chafed near the fire."

The beech-tree was not so great a favourite as the elm. In the valleys where they stand warm and in consort, they will, he says, grow to a stupendous procerity (height), though the soil be stony and very barren; also upon the declivity, sides, and tops of high hills, and chalky mountains especially, for though they thrust not down such deep and numerous roots as the oak, and grow to vast trees, they will strangely insinuate their roots into the bowels of those seemingly impenetrable places. The beech serves for various uses of the housewife:

Beech makes the chest, the bed, and the joint stools,  
Beech makes the boards, the platter and the bowls.

But with these and other such exceptions, Evelyn condemned the beech as timber. "Indeed," he says, "I can hardly call it timber." He nevertheless considered it in every respect a highly respectable and useful tree. "I must not omit," he says, "to praise the mast (the nuts) which fatten our swine and deer, and bath in some families even supported man with bread. Chios endured a memorable siege by the benefit of beech-mast, and in some parts of France they now grind it in mills. It affords a sweet oil, which the people eat willingly. But there is yet another benefit which this tree presents us, that its very leaves, which make a most agreeable canopy all the summer, being gathered about the fall,\* and somewhat before they are much frost-bitten, afford the best and easiest mattresses in the world to lie on under our quilts, instead of straw, because, besides their tenderness and loose-lying together, they continue sweet for seven or eight years, long before which time straw becomes musty and hard. They are thus used by divers persons of quality, in Dauphiny; and in Switzerland I have sometimes lain on them to my great refreshment. . . . The kernels of the mast are greedily devoured by squirrels, mice, and, above all, by dormice, who, harbouring in the hollow trees, grow so fat, that in some countries abroad they take infinite numbers of them, I suppose to eat. What relief they give to thrushes, blackbirds, and fieldfares everybody knows."

Evelyn had no taste for philology, or he might have recorded that the practice of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors of writing on the bark of the "buch," or "buck" (the

beech-tree), gave the English language the word "book." The many picturesque clumps and clusters of beeches in various parts of England are well-known, and few Londoners are unacquainted either with the Burnham beeches, near Windsor, or the Knockholt beeches, in Kent.

Evelyn, though he loved all trees for some quality or other, had but little good to say of the "birch," which he stigmatised, chiefly for its timber, as despicable, or for the elder, which he considered to be both "despicable and vulgar." The ash—of which the old song, a favourite of Charles the Second's, says:

Oh, the oak and the ash, and the bonnie ivy-tree,  
They flourish at home in my own country—

stood high in Evelyn's estimation.

"The husbandman," he says, "cannot be without the ash for his carts, ladders, and other tackling, from the pike to the plough, spear and bow, for of ash were they formerly made, and therefore reckoned amongst those woods which, after a long tension, has a natural spring and recovers its position; so that in peace or war it is a wood in highest request. In short, so useful and profitable is this tree (next to the oak), that every prudent lord of a manor should employ an acre of ground into ash or acorns, to every twenty acres of other land, since in as many years it would be worth more than the land itself." He also finds as many medicinal virtues in the ash as in the oak. "There is," he says, "an oil extracted from the ash, which is excellent to recover the hearing, some drops of it being distilled warm into the ears. For the caries, or rot of the bones, for toothache, pains in the kidneys, and for the spleen, the anointing therewith is most sovereign."

The lime, or linden tree, which is now a greater favourite in England than it was in Evelyn's time, and which, in the poetry and romance of the Germans, ranks above all other trees whatever, received Evelyn's hearty commendation. "We send commonly for this tree into Flanders and Holland, and it is a shameful negligence that we are no better provided with nurseries of a tree so choice and so universally acceptable. Limes may be planted as big as one's leg; their heads topped at about six or eight feet bole; they will thus become of all others the most proper and beautiful for walks, as producing an upright body, smooth and even bark, ample leaf, sweet blossom (the delight of bees), and a goodly shade." Recalling to mind his travels in Holland and

\* The Americans claim this word as their own, a claim which cannot be allowed. It is good old English, and far better than the modern "autumn."

Germany, he asks in triumph, "Is there a more ravishing or delightful object than to behold some entire streets, and even whole towns, planted with these trees in even lines before the doors? This is extremely fresh, of admirable effect against the epilepsy, for which the delicately-scented blossoms are held prevalent, and screen the houses both from winds, sun, and dust, than which there can be nothing more desirable where streets are much frequented." The lime, too, has its medicinal virtues. "The berries, reduced to powder, cure dysentery, and stop bleeding of the nose. The distilled water of the same is good against epilepsy, apoplexy, vertigo, palpitation of the heart, and gravel, and I am told the juice of the leaves fixes colours." To this may be added what Evelyn does not seem to have known, that the linden leaves, dried and placed in the teapot, make a tea which is highly sudorific. In Germany, the popular and very certain cure for influenza, catarrh and cold in the head, is to lie quietly in bed for four-and-twenty hours, and drink copiously of hot "Linden-thee." The same remedy is used in France.

The chestnut, perhaps, during the short season at the end of May and beginning of June, the most beautiful of the trees that adorn the English landscape, is the only one of the good man's favourites which space will allow us to notice. He is warm in praise of its beauty as a growing tree and of its uses as timber. He observed, he says, "that this tree is so prevalent against cold, that where they stand, they preserve other trees from the injuries of the severest frost. I am sure that, being planted in hedgerows, and for avenues to our country houses, they are a magnificent and a royal ornament." In this opinion most Londoners, who remember the glories of Bushey Park in early summer, will cordially coincide. Even the fruit, bitter as that of the horse-chestnut is, finds favour in his philosophic eyes. "We give," he says, "that fruit to our swine in England which is among the delicacies of princes in other countries, and of better nourishment to husbandmen than kohl (cabbage) and rusty bacon, yea, or beans to boot. . . . The bread made of chestnut-flour is exceedingly nutritive, and makes women well complexioned, as I have read in a good author." What may interest the ladies, while golden locks are in fashion, is the fact, which I give on Evelyn's authority, that "a decoction of the rind of the chestnut-tree tinctures hair of a golden colour.

This," he adds, without the gift of prophecy to lead him to 1870, "is esteemed a beauty in some countries."

Evelyn was justified in the pride which he took in his Sylva, and in the additions which he continued to make to it from time to time, until nearly the close of his life. In his dedication of the third edition to Charles the Second, sixteen years after its first publication, he says, with pardonable self-appreciation, "I need not acquaint your majesty how many millions of timber trees (besides infinite others) have been propagated and planted throughout your vast dominions at the instigation and by the sole direction of this work; because your gracious majesty has been pleased to own it publicly for my encouragement."

It is only within our own time that Evelyn's far-sighted anxiety for the continuous production of material for the building of a great navy, to maintain British power in all the seas of the world, has become a matter with which the present generation has no concern. Iron, not oak, is now-a-days the monarch of the sea. None the less, however, is Evelyn's glory or the gratitude we owe him. For nearly two hundred years his book did noble service in the mode he designed; and in other modes also. He taught the rural aristocracy a duty they owed to themselves and their country; and since his time they have well performed it.

Sayes Court, where the amiable philosopher so long lived and cultivated his trees, his shrubs, and his salads—or, as he calls them, "acetaria"—has long ceased to be rural, and is mural as far as houses and streets can make it so. Wotton, however, still remains, and an Evelyn still resides in it, to cultivate like grounds, and maintain the fair fame of an honourable family.

#### TWO CASTLES.

I KNOW a castle, great and high,  
That flaunts its turrets to the sky,  
And covers, fairly measured round,  
Three hundred roods of fertile ground.

And were that castle, (fate forefend !)  
Burned to the earth, no stone on end,  
Three years, and money, were it got,  
Would build it up again, I wot !

But here a nobler castle stands,  
Than e'er was reared by human hands,  
A tall, wide-spreading beechen tree,  
Whose bole is thirty feet and three.

And were this castle smitten low,  
By fire, or flood, or woodman's blow,  
Not all the strength of mortal men  
Could ever build it up again.



Not all the gold by Commerce won,  
Since Time its circuit first begun,  
Could re-erect its giant girth,  
Or raise such fabric from the earth.

Unless, for thrice a hundred years,  
The influence of the circling spheres,  
The rain, the dew, the shade, the shine,  
Combined to aid the great design.

Cæsus! be modest with your gold,  
Little it brings, when all is told:  
Monarchs! be humble in your towers,  
You're not so regal as the bowers!

### A FLIGHT FROM WAR.

RUNNING from the heat of an Italian summer, we had established ourselves at the beginning of July in the year that promises to be so long memorable in Europe—the year 1870—in the pleasant “Anlagen” of Heidelberg. Nothing could be more deliciously peaceful and quiet than the scene around us. I know no place in Europe which combines so many of the advantages of a large town with so few of the annoyances mostly inseparable from such gatherings of humanity as the old university city of the Palatinate. Among the former may be reckoned a library of two hundred and fifty thousand volumes in all languages, freely at the strangers’ disposition, without the ceremony of any subscription. The very large staff of professors and their families form an extremely agreeable and valuable society. There is plenty of excellent music to be enjoyed, mainly on the same terms as the advantages of the library. The wine is good and cheap; the beer even better and still cheaper. There is a long High-street, composed of shops of every kind, and banks and places of business of various sorts, to be sure. But, however Heidelberg may behave in its business hours, it disports itself altogether as if it were in the country—in that lovely and delicious country which closely encircles it. And what a country that Neckar valley is! You have but to step aside from the flags of the street, and you are on the hillside, and amid the shade of the magnificent forest. The Anlagen itself (or themselves, as one ought properly to say, for the word is in the plural number), is more like a garden than a street. The word signifies “additions to,” or suburbs, and consists of a row of cheerful-looking houses, the recent result of the growing importance of Heidelberg as a place of summer resort, looking out on a shady garden, immediately beyond which rises the wooded hill on which the castle stands.

Nothing could be better than the pleasant rooms we had secured on the cheerful and quiet Anlagen. And having unpacked our trunks, and got things comfortably into their places about us, we said, according to the often-cited formula, “If there’s peace to be found in the world, the heart that is weary might hope for it here!”

Altogether nothing could be better. Till the end of September, when it is time to recross the Alps, we will set our tent here, and be as happy as the day is long.

Alas! for the vanity of human wishes! Alas! for the instability of summer day-dreams!

This was the way our dream was all at once disturbed.

German boots and shoes are good. One of us had ordered a pair, which was brought home on the morning of Saturday, the 16th of July. They were so much approved that a second pair was ordered. Crispin, pocketing the price of the first order, and promising prompt execution of the second, bows himself out of the room; but in less than five minutes, “ecce iterum Crispinus!” and with such a face!

“Have you not the measure right, my friend?”

“Measure! Ach, Gott! There is a telegram in the town. War is declared!”

War declared between Prussia and France! Heavens and earth! Why, we are as exactly between the two as a nail between the hammer and the anvil. And of all places in the world Heidelberg is not the town to forget what warfare means. Thrice before now has this garden of a land been turned into a wilderness by French armies. There are the ruins of the castle, no place of war, only a magnificent residence destroyed in cold blood. There, in the High-street, is the Ritter Haus, pointed out as the only house that escaped destruction at the hands of the French in 1693. Twice before had the unhappy town been sacked by Frenchmen, under Turenne, in 1674, and, under Melac, in 1688. On the two latter occasions especially the cruelties and outrages committed were worthy of fiends rather than of soldiers. And those days have never been forgotten in the Palatinate.

On hearing the alarmed shoemaker’s news, I hurried into the town; and in a few minutes found abundant confirmation of it. All my Heidelberg friends had before advised me not to remain there after war should be declared, if that misfortune were really to happen. It had seemed too mon-

strous a calamity to be realised; but now, here it was!

I met my friend, Professor D., in the street, with a graver face than I had ever before seen him wear. "Yes! You must be off at once!" he said. "If war is to come, it is as well that it should come at once. Prussia is well prepared for it. In such a quarrel Southern Germany will go with her to a man. But this will be no place for any one who has no duty to keep him here."

A little further I fell in with the highly-accomplished daughter of another professor. She was looking scared and troubled. "Of course you are off at once?" she said. "Shall I return to the house with you and help your wife and daughter to pack up?"

I gratefully accepted the offer; for it was by this time half-past ten; and there was a train for Bâle at mid-day, by which I hoped to get off. The time was very short. There were books to be taken back to the university library; an indispensable visit to be paid to the banker; all accounts to be settled; and all packing done! And less than two hours to do it all in! Yet there was reason to fear that the mid-day train running southwards to Switzerland might be the last that would be able to get through. The line in question, running through the whole length of the Duchy of Baden, passes nearly in sight of the frontier of France, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, throughout its entire course; runs through the important federal fortress of Rastadt, and within a few miles of Kehl, which is the great gateway into Germany from France, on the right bank of the river opposite to Strasbourg. Eventually one other train, leaving Heidelberg a few hours later, was able to pass; and that was the last. The precipitous hurry, therefore, with which we broke from our moorings and pushed off was not unreasonable, and we had great reason to congratulate ourselves on our promptitude.

There were long faces among the men, and there was much wailing among the women, that unhappy Saturday morning, as we were leaving Heidelberg.

"I have telegraphed to my daughter," said a professor of my acquaintance, whom I met hurrying along in the street, with anxiety in his face, "I have telegraphed to my daughter in Switzerland to return home directly by Constance, Stuttgart, and Wurzburg. I suppose that line will remain open. But Heaven knows what may happen between here and Bâle."

It was by the Bâle line that we got off, and, as I have said, our train was within a few hours of the last that passed.

A pretty young girl, the daughter of our laundress, hurried in with our linen dripping wet from the wash-tub (in which state it had to be packed up), her own pretty eyes as full of moisture.

"The Hôtel de Russie," she said, "is empty already! I have been taking wet linen home there all the morning. And it will be ruin to everybody. And I am so frightened! so frightened!"

My wife strove to console her. But the memory of what war means, and of the results of French invasion, is still fresh at Heidelberg. And doubtless the pretty little laundry-maid had heard traditions of the old woful stories.

At the Heidelberg railway-station the scene was one not to be forgotten. The crowd of people, desperately anxious to seize what it was anticipated might very likely be the last opportunity of getting away, was such, that the utmost efforts of the staff of the railway did not succeed in getting off the enormous train till half an hour after the proper time. At last the sorrowful adieus of the kind friends who had accompanied us to the station, and whom we were leaving to bide whatever might betide, were said, and we moved slowly out of the station.

At Carlsruhe the crowd was greater, and the confusion far worse. There is a junction there. We were told that a very heavy train carrying troops was coming on behind us, and that if we wished to have the use of the rails, it behoved us to push on. And the railway officials did their utmost to hurry us off. But our own train was swelled—or extended, rather—to altogether unheard-of proportions; and the despatch of it was no easy matter. The platform at Carlsruhe is a very large one. But it was crowded with a multitude rushing hither and thither, in a manner perfectly distracting to conductors, porters, and superintendents. Carlsruhe is not a favourite place for foreign sojourners, as Heidelberg is. The movement there was mainly of Germans, save that the mass of foreigners already in the train all swarmed out on to the platform, rushing hither and thither, divided between the desire to put the minutes of delay to profit by snatching a mouthful of dinner, and anxiety to learn whether in truth there was yet hope of getting on to the safe refuge of Swiss neutrality at Bâle.

At length we did again move forward, now an hour behind our time, dragging the slow length of our enormous train along till we reached Rastadt. Rastadt, as all the world knows, is an important German fortress, held for many years past by Prussia, on behalf of the Bund, though in the territory of Baden. And there it needed but a glance to see that Rastadt was very unmistakably looking like the time. Troops were hurrying about in all directions, to the uninstructed civilian eye with the incomprehensible bustle of ants in a disturbed ant-hill. One process in progress was, at all events, intelligible. Swarms of men were bringing out vast masses of knapsacks and military clothing from a casemate, and were loading them on waggons, and dragging them (without the aid of horses) to the side of the railroad, to be there put into baggage waggons.

At Rastadt, too, there was (visible, but not audible) talk between military officers and our conductors, and terrible momentary misgiving arising thence. However, we moved on again and shortly reached Oos. Oos is the station at which the short line to Baden-Baden branches off. And here, as we had expected, the scene was worse than at Heidelberg. All the crowd of pleasure-seekers and gamblers were running as if for their lives. A crowd, mainly French, eager in any case to get out of the enemy's territory. No French go to Heidelberg—nay, do not quit the asphalt of the Boulevards for mountains, forests, streams, or scenery, however lovely. But they throng to Baden-Baden, and the crowd, which now swarmed upon the Oos platform, had very markedly the Parisian cachet. That might have been expected from the nature of the place from which they came.

There were the men—one knows the look of them so well—all wearing the goatee beard, all with light-coloured kid gloves, and many of them with Parisian theatrical mock mountain gear about their feet, thin boots, which one climb to the Alte Schloss would have torn to ribbons, and smart gaiters unstained by any drop of morning dew. And women, hard-eyed and painted, trooping back to the dove-cots of Paris, evidently quite as capable as any of the men of looking out for themselves; not timid by any means, but hard and sharp-looking, noisily demanding what they wanted, and showing trim ankles in the bustling pursuit of it.

Noisily demanding, but in very many cases not getting, what they wanted, for

there was by no means accommodation enough in the train to carry away all who desired to go. And it was observable that, despite objurgations and despair, and the really pressing necessities of the case, in no instance would the steady German conductors allow one more than the stated regulation number to enter any of the carriages, either first, second, or third class. With us, as we know to our cost, this often takes place in cases of urgency of very far inferior moment. But the German conductor knows nothing but his rule.

And, accordingly, a considerable number of gesticulating, grimacing, screaming, and otherwise rage-expressing Badenites of both sexes were left on the Oos platform, some stretching out eloquent but futile arms towards the inexorable train as it moved out of the station, some sitting doggedly on their boxes, and some vehemently detailing their grievances to each other.

Shortly afterwards, however, it became very questionable whether those who had been thus left lamenting, or those who had succeeded in getting places in the train, were the worst off. For when we reached the station of Appenweier, where the short line branches off that runs to Kehl and across the Rhine to Strasbourg in France, it was ascertained that the Rhine bridge was no longer passable! The movable portion (soon afterwards blown up by the Prussians) had been opened so as to cut off all communication. It was still possible, we were told, to pass by means of small boats. But there were only two or three of these available; the operation was a very slow one; only two or three persons could pass at a time; and the crowd, who were anxious to find themselves once more within the borders of their native France, were warned that there was very little possibility of their succeeding in crossing the river. So little was any such exploit achievable on any large scale that the trains from Appenweier to Kehl had ceased running.

Here, then, was gnashing of teeth and fierce sacr-r-r-éing everything in heaven above or on earth below, worse than had been the case at Oos! What were these unhappy ones to do, thus shut out from their patrie, whose undulating hills were visible scarcely a gunshot to the left of us? Appenweier is a mere roadside station. No accommodation to be had there! At last most of the fugitives—all of them, I believe—made up their minds to go on to Bâle, where at least shelter, if not, as might yet be hoped, ingress into France was to be had.

But this decision on the part of some score or more of vociferating Frenchmen and Frenchwomen was not reached very promptly. And by the time we left Appenweier we had considerably increased the amount of time by which we were belated. At last we did reach Bâle about three hours after our train was due there.

And there we were on Swiss soil; and the story of our flight from the seat of war may be said to be completed. In fact, however, we were bound for Schaffhausen, which we reached at two in the morning, instead of at ten in the evening. But we were little disposed to be in a complaining mood as to any such little contretemps, being only too happy to find ourselves fairly out from between the hammer and the anvil, which was in very truth the enviable position we had occupied on that memorable morning.

#### THE JERICHO ROOMS.

THE quarter of the town where I reside slopes towards the river; is very new, stiff, and white, and, as all the world knows, laid out with great prettiness upon the property of that wealthy and important khedive, the most noble the Marquis of Jericho. For thus it is customary at little vestries, ratepayers' associations, and the like, to speak of this great man at such honourable full length, we being his, body and soul, and that potentate being supposed to allow us to hold the ground upon which our houses stand on the most despotic and Muscovite terms—short leases, clever lawyers, arbitrary agents being devised to look after his interests. At street corners, or in shops, where we see two or more in conversation, we are certain to hear the words "the marquis," who is either giving, or refusing, or promising something. Under these auspices great wastes of streets, white, powdery, and plastery, have arisen, with their windows and porticos as uniform as the doors down a hospital corridor, or in a convict prison. Sometimes we see a whole street of these edifices in process, all their architectural mouldings, and cornices, and pillars, and balustrades being duly fashioned out of a brown moist composition that looks like cocoa in process of being mixed. The pillars supporting the grand balconies consist, in this stage of their existence, of rude sticks plastered round, the capitals and bases to be supplied when all is finished. The whole air seems charged

with a damp loamy flavour; and particles of plaster float about.

I think a week's steady walking in our Jericho streets—which all run in squares and right angles—would leave a pressure of nothing but pillars and windows on the brain. Turn to the right, turn to the left, it is portico, portico, portico! exactly like Mr. Tennyson's horse, whose hoofs rang out, "Propputty, propputty, propputty!" Lose your way, and you might walk miles within a space of half a mile square. The streets are all named in honour of our illustrious divinity and of his belongings. Thus we have Dagon-square, Moloch-street, Dives-terrace, and such names. The potentate's son has a couple of streets to himself, and some of the minor titles are duly expressed in plaster and porticos.

These regimental streets, I notice, contrived to be cast in long moulds of various breadths, just as one would unroll ribbons of various breadths. Some are yellow and narrow, about three stories high, every window universally ornamented with children's heads, as with flower-pots, and have a generally crowded appearance. Others are broad, and four and five stories high, with a gloomy and sullen bearing, as though it were dangerous to question them. But the physiognomy and expression of houses have been often dwelt on.

In this "prosperity of edification," as Dr. Johnson might say, the Jericho district began, not unnaturally, to take airs. What with the marquis, and the vestry, and the baths and washhouses, and the schools rising up on all sides at the nod or beck of the potentate, it began to look upon itself very much as an independent realm, with a sort of sovereign and estates. And it was in this tone of mind that it was proposed to erect the assembly-rooms. The marquis would give a piece of ground, subscribe a hundred pounds, and make a speech when the first stone was laid. A great city, as Jericho virtually was (about the size of Reading), should have—was entitled to—rooms. Was it not a shame that a place like Jericho, even for the sheer dignity of the thing, should not be adorned with a convenience to be found in country towns of much less pretension? The scheme sprang armed from the head of—well, from the vestry. Some of our opulent men of business, whose money and brains were apparently and monotonously embodied in the long lines of compo, put their heads together, and the rooms began to rise. The most sanguine anticipations were enter-



tained. Mr. Hounsdictch, the eminent contractor, considered a fine orator at the vestry, by means of his never stopping for a word, projected it all with a ravishing eloquence. A great hall for concerts, and dioramas, and meetings, smaller rooms for societies, a working-man's reading room at the back, religious worship on Sundays for any new and unchapelled sect, and, above all, a club with billiard, library, and refreshment rooms, where you could get a glass of wine. In short, the purposes projected were so varied and innumerable that, if carried out, it would be the most wonderful building in London; and a speculative member of the vestry might have added one more function, namely, making the whole a show, and charging a small fee. All London would surely flock to see praying or preaching, refreshment, billiard-playing, concert, diorama, clubbing, and discussion, all going on at the same time. Mr. Hounsdictch had figures for everything, and "writing off" a certain margin for contingencies, brought out an amazing amount of profit.

The building was duly completed; but it would be hard to give an idea of how this edifice blazed and shone in all the finery of new yellow, red, and black bricks. The Byzantine style was chosen, as allowing a grand opening for brick polychromy. There were "punchy" balconies, balustrades, mouldings, Moorish arches, all in the same material. The architect, too, had ingeniously contrived to amalgamate or symbolise all its motley purposes in his style. As we turn down by the façade, next the public-house, it looked like a chapel, combined with a private residence for the minister; while its main entrance had something the air half of a glorified police office, half of a tavern.

However, it was opened. The marquis came and spoke one of those orations he always kept mixed for the numerous stones or inaugurations that were being laid or taking place on his estate. And now, being opened, the Jericho Rooms were ready for the world to enter. There was a debt; but this, as Mr. Hounsdictch showed by figures, must clear itself off in two years—an arrangement so satisfactory that one wished means could be found of applying it more generally to pecuniary liquidation. Still there was an unaccountable pause. No unchapelled sect came forward. The working-men apparently did not want to read. The adjoining public-house seemed to satisfy the most ambitious dreams of

refreshment. At last, however, the first show came. Mr. Montague Jackson's Cambrian Medley—Two Happy Hours of Witchery and Wales. Part I.—General Remarks. The Welsh People: their Tears and Sunshine. Moxey-Ap-Thomas, the Harper. Diverting Incident. Song in Character, &c. This, our first attempt, brought a house that must have amazed Mr. Montague Jackson, who, when he took his show to country towns, always flourished about it as "exhibited on the opening of the Royal Jericho Rooms before one of the largest audiences ever seen in London." Every one—the vestry particularly—were greatly pleased at this inauguration, though the entertainment was mild enough, and rested on a cracked pianoforte and on Mr. Jackson himself. But there was a long gap before any one else followed. Mr. Curlew, the eminent elocutionist, came and surveyed it, but evidently with distrust. "You'll have to come down to a chapel with this," he said. However, he said he "wouldn't mind chancing it for once." The committee were indignant at this contumely. The newest design—best architect and work—the finest thing in London, though it might not be the largest! What did the man mean? However, Mr. Curlew came, issued on posters the Death of Coeles, the Skating Scene from Pickwick, with, for second part, a wonderful Compression of the Idylls of the King; but we never shall forget his blank look as he surveyed the cathedral-like solitude. In provincial towns and watering-places, there is nothing more dispiriting than the look of such a place, as some poor unfamiliar stroller or jester has come round and pasted the walls over with his Two Hours with Momus. And the white walls of the lobby and stair, with the abundant gas blazing as if in mockery, with the officials waiting there to take the money, their all but hungry look at you, doubtful whether you will not, after all, take shape as that unclean thing—an order. Then the glimpse into the large empty room, with half a dozen folk dotted about and looking strangely at you, wondering what on earth brings you into this solitude!

Another long interval, and some species of Christy Minstrels came round, bones and the rest. Later again, a Voyage Round the World, with chromatic advertisements, a picture of a gaudy railway-station, where every one, with his luggage, was in blue, yellow, green, or red clothing, and flamed and glittered as if on the stage

under the glare of the electric light. This naturally excited hopes, and even elation. Round the World in Two Hours is always tempting; but on entering the rooms we discovered a strange and disorderly crowd, children chiefly, and a great white sheet, across which the voyage is apparently to be made, as if on a map of the world. None of the green baize, the almost cimmerian darkness which endears to us the professed diorama. A gentleman appeared in the audience with a complicated lantern; in short it resolved itself into some complicated hydro-oxygen apparatus, a developed magic-lantern, excellent, no doubt, for a village semi-religious, semi-instructive entertainment, worked by the curate, assisted by ladies, but accompanied with those starts, and blurs, and even leaps, which attend on magic-lantern views. It was attended, too, with that hopeless depression and gloominess which always waits on instruction clumsily disguised in voluptuous and enticing garments.

From that night the career of the Jericho Rooms seemed to grow hopeless and desperate. It lay under a ban. It was an accursed thing. Everything was done to galvanise it into some semblance of life. A billiard-table maker, dazzled by the eloquence of one of the vestry, agreed to put up two of his best tables; and, further, the capital idea of a club, or, at least, a place where "you could read the papers," sprang armed from the secretary's head. From the same source came the notice of classes for the piano and violin, and some seedy professors of these instruments were for the moment dazzled by the prospects of these almost palatial chambers being nightly crowded by ardent postulants sitting at their feet. The terms were reasonable enough—three lessons a week, and five shillings a quarter. Yet it would not do. The populace shunned the place. The billiard-table maker brought carts one day and took away his tables with oaths, saying he had been done, and the whole thing was a swindle. The violin professor had two pupils, and one never paid his quarter's subscription.

Things began to look desperate; the contractor was pressing for his balance. The rates were enormous. The vestrymen began to look blue. Some one mentioned that the Aminadabites were growing important in the district, and a deputation rushed at once to Mr. Swodger, the leading elder of the sect. He declined to have any-

thing to do with the place, as being tainted by the Man of Sin. He alluded to something about money-changers and Moabites, and the sect he represented declined to have anything to do with the desirable building, which could be easily and for a small cost converted, as we convert another species of muzzle-loader. Other sects were tried, but they all hung back, preferring to rear a new structure altogether to having anything to do with the late residence of the Man of Sin. Nothing could be done with the ill-omened building. There was indeed a flaunting, meretricious air about it outside, which seemed to incapacitate it for anything else but for what it was. A Spanish professor came, indeed, and offered to establish a gymnasium, with trapèze, instruction in small-sword exercise, and the like, and the negotiations had gone very far indeed, when it was discovered that he lived in a Soho garret, and had no security to offer but a sort of portmanteau or valise that looked like an old, well-worn, leather post-bag. It was felt that this was too risky. A Turkish bath was next proposed; but the speculator insisted that his speculation should be looked on as merely experimental, for a few months, though he said he should have to gut the place from top to bottom. This seemed unreasonable. As for the panoramas, readings, shows, &c., for which the place was founded, it was discovered that the profession had given it quite a bad name; that it was to be avoided as a place that brought no money—much as the tramps and travelling beggars avoid certain farm-houses and districts.

What *is* to be done? that is now the question. The liabilities are increasing; there are heavy arrears of debt. There is the house steward, and his wife, and their salary. No one will beg or borrow it; no one will buy it. The Jericho Rooms are the white elephant of our parish, and we rue the day when they were presented to us.

#### FRONTIER TOWNS OF FRANCE.

METZ.

THIS old-fashioned town, twenty-four miles from Nancy, the capital of the old Duchy of Lorraine, and two hundred and twenty-eight from Paris, is the capital of the Department of the Moselle, and, what is more, a first-class fortress, the seat of a bishopric, and the head-quarters of a military division.

The Romans, who always trod heavily, left deep footprints here. Six of their

great military roads met at this spot. They called the place, surrounded by vine-clad hills, Divodurum, but from the half German tribe known as the Mediomatrici, the name of the strong fort on the Moselle became corrupted about the fifth century to Mettis, from whence it slid easily down to Metz, or Mess, as it is now pronounced. Grey old Roman walls remain here and there, and there are fragments near the southern outworks of an amphitheatre and naumachia (for sham sea-fights, on the old Sadler's Wells principle), and a great aqueduct once stalked away southward, of which seventeen gigantic arches still remain out of one hundred and sixty-eight, to frame the pleasant landscape at Jouey on the Moselle, eight kilometres off. Metz was a good deal troubled about A.D. 70 by some riotous troops of that wild boar, Vitellius, and in 452, when it had quite forgotten those troubles, by Attila, whose Huns sacked, burned, and destroyed everything portable, consumable, and destructible. At the death of Clovis the city became the capital of the kingdom of Austrasia, and later the capital of Lorraine. In 988 it was made a free imperial town, and became a self-supporting neutral fortress on the border of Charlemagne's old domains.

Metz played an important part in the wars between the daring Maurice of Saxony and his crafty enemy, Charles the Fifth. The French, as allies of Maurice, marched into Lorraine in 1552, and took Toul and Verdun. The Constable Montmorency, having artfully obtained permission to pass through Metz with a small guard, so quibbled about the word "small" that he introduced troops enough to capture the strong city. Charles almost immediately advanced to besiege Metz, to which Francisco of Lorraine (that young Duke of Guise who afterwards took Calais from the English) had already been sent by Henry the Second to direct the operations of its sixty-six thousand inhabitants. This brave, sagacious, and ambitious prince had brought with him Condé, several princes of the blood, and many noblemen of rank, as volunteers to aid in the chivalrous defence against one hundred thousand Germans.

The duke found the town in a confused and helpless state. The suburbs were large, the walls in places weak, and without ramparts. The ditch was narrow, the old towers stood at too great a distance apart. He at once ordered the suburbs to be pulled down, without sparing the monasteries or

churches, not even St. Arnulph, where several French kings had been interred, the holy robes and sacred bones being, however, all removed in solemn processions. The duke and his officers laboured with their own hands in pulling down the old houses that impeded the fire from the walls. The magazines were filled with provisions and military stores, the mills in the nearest villages burnt, and all the corn and forage removed or destroyed. The young duke got up such an enthusiasm in the town that the people began to long to see the Spanish banners approaching, and the moment the Duke of Alva and the Marquis of Marignano, Charles's generals, appeared, the Metzers attacked the vanguard with great success. The sallies of the French were so hot and incessant that the duke had indeed to frequently hide the keys of the gate to prevent the young French gallants, his companions, too rashly and too frequently exposing their lives. Behind every breach made by the German cannon new works sprang up like hydras' heads. Charles, against the advice of his generals, for it was now October, determined to press the tedious siege on through the winter, in spite of the incessant rain and snow. He himself, though ill with the gout, was brought from Thionville to Metz to urge forward the batteries. Provisions now became scarce, for the French cavalry were cutting off the convoys, and disease was spreading among the Italians and Spaniards, who suffered from the climate. Charles, maddened at the delay, ordered a general assault, but the discouraged army, seeing the troops of the enemy eager for the combat, refused to advance, and the emperor, swearing they did not deserve the name of men, retired angrily to his quarters. Charles then tried the slower but more secure way of sapping; but the Duke of Guise sunk counter-mines, and everywhere stopped his advance. After fifty-six days before the town, the emperor at last reluctantly consented to retire. Thirty thousand men had fallen by the enemy's steel and lead, or by the invisible sword of the pestilence. The French, when they broke out of Metz, found the imperial camp full of the dead and dying.

"I now perceive," exclaimed the emperor, bitterly, "that Fortune resembles other women; she leaves the old for the young."

The old Porte des Allemands on the east of the town still bears traces of the emperor's cannon-shot.

Metz is built on a flattish spot, at the junction of the Moselle and Seille, and was fortified by the most subtle art of Cormontaigne and Vauban, Louis the Fourteenth's great engineers, and strengthened by all the ingenuity of Marshal Belleisle. It is calculated that its nine gates and drawbridges, its citadel commanding the river, its threatening double Couronne and Belle Croix forts, built in 1728-31, and its seventeen bridges, would require one hundred and twenty thousand men to encircle it in anything like a grip that would crush its life out.

This city, which was finally secured to France by the peace of Westphalia in 1648, is worth the plundering. Blucher, who smacked his lips at the goldsmiths' shops of London, and exclaimed: "Here's for plunder!" would have revelled in Metz, which is quite a commercial centre for the departments of Moselle, Meurthe, and the Ardennes. Its blouses make brandy and vinegar, gunpowder, cannon, saltpetre, leather, cotton-yarn, military hats, muslins, beetroot-sugar, chicory, nails, hardware, cutlery, buttons, glue, lace, brushes, flannels, pins, and combs. Nothing comes amiss to them, from an eighteen-pounder to a ten-penny-nail. As a commercial town, Metz never recovered the cruel and foolish revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and it has now twenty thousand inhabitants less than it had in the time of Charles the Fifth.

In every way Metz is military. Its royal gunpowder factory, on an island in the Moselle, produces nearly the best powder in France, and plenty of it is now being experimented with on the banks of the Seille. Its military hospital, large and airy, was built by Louis the Fourteenth for fifteen hundred men, but it will hold eighteen hundred. It is a noble building, in two ranges, and will soon, we fear, echo with the groans and shrieks of mutilated men. Metz is also naturally proud of its school of military engineering for young officers from the Polytechnique. It is attached to the arsenal, once part of St. Arnauld's Abbey, and boasts a choice library of ten thousand volumes, besides charts, maps, and original manuscripts of Vauban. There is also a sister establishment, a regimental school of artillery, a handsome building, completed in 1852. If the Prussians should happen to enter Metz at the rear of the French, they will not forget to visit the arsenal with its round 'Templars' chapel of the tenth century, for there are eighty thousand stand of arms there, and, what is more in the

Prussian way, a bronze culverin, called the Vogel Greif, a trophy from Ehrenbreitstein, in 1799. It is fifteen feet long, and is seventeen inches wide at the muzzle; it weighs twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and seventeen pounds, and carries shot one hundred and seventy-six and a half pounds weight. That gun would certainly roll back to Germany. It was cast for Richard of Griffenclau, an elector of Treves. Metz has also several large barracks and magazines—one of the latter in the ex-abbey of Clement, built by some Italian architect in the sixteenth century—and being very military, the town adores the memory of its distinguished native Marshal Fabert, a high-souled man, whose statue you are taken to see in the Place Napoléon. Metz is the strongest fortress in France except Strasbourg.

There have been enthusiasts who, forgetting Amiens and Chartres, have pronounced Metz cathedral as the most perfect Gothic work on the Continent. It is certainly beautifully light, and its spire shoots up like a fountain above the forest of carved peaks and fretted pinnacles below. Begun in 1014 by Bishop Thierry, the ghost of that worthy prelate remained restless and repining till 1546, when it was finished. So, after all, even Catholic zeal had its cold fits. The vergers tell you it is three hundred and seventy-three feet long, and that the spire is of the same height. The nave is fifty-one feet wide and one hundred and nine feet high. The great stone ark is pierced with innumerable portholes, and these windows were filled in 1526 by Busch of Strasbourg with rich stained glass, just in time before the art became lost. Its beautiful open-work spire, light, as if carved of wood, carries an enormous bell, the very palladium of Metz, weighing about twenty-eight thousand six hundred pounds, and called La Mutte. The font, called the Cuve de Cæsar, is probably an old Roman tomb. The chief curiosities of the cathedral are the stone thrones of the early bishops, two processional crosses of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, an embroidered red silk cope, said to be Charlemagne's, and a dragon of pasteboard and canvas, formerly used in street processions, and called Le Gracelli. People who want to see the walks and gardens of the esplanade, or the strong redoubt, called the Pate, which can be turned into an island by closing the sluices on the Seille, should mount the cathedral spire, first ascending the clerestory gallery to see the stained glass and



the flying buttresses. The view of Metz from the spire is a fine one.

The part of the town on the left bank of the Moselle is flat, but that on the right bank rises up from the river like the side of an amphitheatre; the quays form handsome terraces, and are linked by innumerable bridges; the acacia-trees on the esplanade wave green and fresh to the sight. The Metz people think, with some reason, that few European cities can boast such a river-side view. The French are proud of the town as the centre of defence for their German frontier between the Meuse and the Rhine.

Like most old cities cramped by fortifications from the earliest times, Metz has narrow streets and lofty houses. Buildings that could not grow in width shot up into the air like overcrowded saplings in a plantation.

All about Metz there are relics of past wars. Duroc was born at Pont à Mousson; Thionville was once besieged by the great Condé; near Sierck was the camp thrown up by Vauban, in which Villars arrested the progress of Marlborough. Longwy has been twice taken by the Prussians, and who can tell what scenes Metz may not witness before these lines are in the hands of the readers of this journal? Prussian drums may ere long sound in its streets; a defeated French army may be driven headlong through its gates. Those who draw the sword may perish by the sword. Let our only cry be the old exclamation of the heralds at the tournaments, "God show the right."

## IN THAT STATE OF LIFE.

### CHAPTER XV.

It was one of those early spring mornings which belong peculiarly to England. A pale vapour veiled the otherwise too-keen blueness of the sky from British eyes. All nature seemed to be awaking with a sigh of refreshment from its winter sleep. The air was warm and filled with sound. Sparrows, chaffinches, and other small birds were holding a parliament under the eaves of the gabled house. There was the distant hum of the town; the cries and whistles of children on the green; the solemn, sweet bells of the cathedral hard by, chiming the quarters.

Maud, leaving the old lady's bedside, where she had been reading aloud some

pages of Jeremy Taylor, came down-stairs, and passed out, through the parlour-window, into the garden, impelled by a desire to breathe the fresh morning air, after being shut up in a close room for hours. This small garden, which fronted the house, was protected from the road by a privet-hedge, having an iron gate in the centre. There was a gravel-walk running from end to end, bounded by lilac-bushes, the pale pink tips of whose branches were now swelling into tender green from day to day. And along it was a flower-border, where the crocuses had long been up and stirring; and now the hyacinths were beginning to push their gorgeous-coloured heads through the rich brown mould.

Maud walked up and down, listening to the noisy chatter of the birds among the ivied gables, and inhaling the wholesome incense of the early spring. She did not note much of what was around her, indeed, for her mind was preoccupied; but she felt the influence of the season. Something of the profound depression under which she had laboured for the last four days was lifted from her heart.

There was a rapid step on the pavement outside the hedge, and the iron gate was opened. Maud's back was towards it at the moment. When she turned she found herself face to face with Lowndes. The blood rushed to her face; no amount of self-control could prevent that; and she stood motionless, as he approached, undecided what to do. Somehow, she seemed to him, at this moment, a thousand times handsomer than he had ever thought her. Yet she wore the same stuff dress he had seen her in every day; there was no difference in the outward woman, as she stood there, backed by the ivy, the April sun touching the edges of her hair: she was the same Mary, his mother's maid, from whom he had parted only a week before. Was the change in himself—or in her? Was it that the conquest of his better over his worse nature irradiated the object of that struggle? Was it that Maud, no longer in a false position, had lost something of her defiant air, and that, do what she would, a tenderness shone out of her glad eyes—eyes which had turned on him mostly in reproof, not seldom in fiery indignation? Or, was it the jealous dread which, in spite of Miles's personal appearance, he could not yet dismiss, that this prize might be reft from him, after all? Trace it to what cause one will, this was the result. He stood there, before her, feeling that this

prize, concerning which he had hesitated, and made many a mighty wise resolution, was worth more, far more, than he could possibly pay for it. He took her hand, and she allowed it to remain in his for a moment before she withdrew it.

"Miss Pomeroy, can you forget and forgive the past?" he began. "I am come here to put myself at your feet, and to tell you how ashamed I am of myself, and how grieved that my mother should have treated you as she has done. But, make allowances for her, will you? She did not understand your position. I understand it all now."

"Do you?" She shook her head. "It is hard to understand how a girl can wish to escape from luxury into servitude. There is no need to make allowances for Mrs. Cartaret. It was unjustifiable of me to enter her house as I did. I see that now. If I have something to forgive, I have much to be forgiven."

"When she comes to know the real truth—"

"There is no more to be learnt than she knows," said Maud, quickly.

"My mother is very prejudiced, and very impetuous. I am afraid that she may have said . . . in short, you will forgive her, won't you?"

"Yes, I forgive her. I have only myself to thank for the lesson it has taught me. I must look for work henceforward in other fields."

"No, not so. . . In the same field, only in another capacity," he said, taking her hand again. "There is a work which you've begun, and which you alone can accomplish."

She looked at him for a moment steadily; then turned away, and began plucking at the ivy on the wall.

"Will you not speak? Are you still angry with me on account of my conduct?"

Still no answer.

"If your object is to do some good in the world, you can best do it to me. You wouldn't have taken so much pains to reclaim me, I think, if you hated me."

"I have forgiven you the personal offence to myself," she said, quietly, at last. "I think of you in sorrow, Mr. Cartaret, not anger. You look at life as a comedy; nothing to you is serious, nothing deep. The passing gratification of the hour—that is all you care for. It amused you to talk with me; and after I had been in your mother's house three weeks, you

could not resist behaving as you did. So much for my influence!"

"Pray don't refer to that again. To prove your influence, let me tell you that I've already taken the first step towards working seriously. No one but you could have got me to take it. As to my future, if you only will, you shall direct it entirely."

"I cannot. You see how unable I am to direct myself. I know that life was not given us to waste, as you do. You have capital abilities, and, you say, perseverance. I can only beg you to turn your life to some better account than you have done."

"Will you help me, Mary?"

"My name is not Mary." A smile just touched the corners of her mouth. "You must forget that name. I left it behind me at Beckworth. . . . A man should not require 'help' to do what is right."

"He does, though. And there is a help which only a woman can give him. Last week I meant to have waited before I spoke to you again. But all is changed now. I can't wait. You have left Beckworth. They tell me you refuse to return to your home. What is the use of waiting? In what I said to you last week I shall never change. I shall be the same a year—two years hence. Why wander about any longer in this way, when there is a home opening its arms to receive you?"

"It does not—it never will open its arms," she replied. "Were I to marry you, your mother's worst suspicions would be confirmed. Say no more about it. It can never be."

"Is this the only obstacle? . . . Tell me one thing. Do you care in the least about me?"

"There is no use in talking thus, Mr. Cartaret. My pride is very great, and I shall certainly never marry you."

"There is use. I implore you to answer me this one question. Do you—or can you ever—care for me?"

She turned almost angrily upon him, and then her brown eyes filled with tears.

"You have no right to ask that question when I tell you that I can never be your wife."

"But, is my mother the only obstacle? I would wait patiently, and work with twice the energy, if you would tell me that, and say that you trusted me."

"Why should I trust you? If you mean by trust a belief in the lastingness of your . . . your present state of feeling. No; I should be sorry to trust in that. Perhaps I

have taught you not to think quite so lightly of women, that is all. Another woman will, some day, complete the work of which I have laid the small foundations."

"She never will. None will ever obtain the ascendancy over me you have done."

"You think so now. If we meet years hence, you will thank me for not believing you——"

"May I, at least, write to you?"

"No; your mother shall never be able to reproach me with keeping this fancy of yours alive by any encouragement. Let it die out as quickly as you can. . . . And now, good-bye!"

"Stay, one moment longer. . . . Where are you going? What are your plans?"

"I think of training for a hospital nurse."

"Good Heavens, what an idea! But your people . . . Sir Andrew will never hear of such a thing. I assure you he and Lady Herriesson seem distressed beyond measure at——"

"You have seen them, then? You have been at Mortlands?"

"I came from there last night. Sir Andrew follows me here to-day. He will plead my cause, perhaps, from the worldly point of view; but I told him I knew that would have no weight with you."

"Oh, he is coming here, is he? In spite of my letting him know it was absolutely useless? I am glad you do me the justice to think that I am not likely to yield to any of the arguments Sir Andrew is sure to use. Nothing that he could say upon any subject would have any weight with me. At present, I mean to remain here. I can be of use to this old lady, and, therefore, I may as well stay."

"She's that curate's aunt, isn't she?" asked Lowndes, sharply.

"Yes. He begged me to remain here, as he was obliged to go away."

"I shouldn't think that was exactly the reason; but of course he's anxious for you to stay. He'll be running backwards and forwards, no doubt. All parsons are cute after their own interests. I saw his game at once."

"He is a most excellent man," said Maud, a little maliciously. "You don't know him."

"I've seen him—that's quite enough. Surely it's impossible;—but I suppose I have no right to ask the question. Only as he very plainly told us that he meant to marry you, if he could, I venture to hope you will not throw yourself away on a fellow like that."

"I might go nearer and fare worse, perhaps. If Mr. Miles married me, it would be he who threw himself away. But there is no possibility of that. I shall not allow him to sacrifice himself so far," she added, with a little smile.

"Well, he means to persevere—and so do I. Only promise to wait, will you? See, in six months, if my feelings are changed. See if I haven't had the pluck to work all that time. And see, then, if my mother doesn't welcome you with open arms."

A gig drove up to the door.

"There is the doctor," said Maud, glad of the subterfuge to avoid replying to this speech. She could not—she knew she ought not—to believe him; but her head was in a tumult. She could scarcely master herself sufficiently to continue calmly. "I must go, Mr. Cartaret. I hope my preachings may really have some effect in making you work. Good-bye."

They shook hands, like ordinary acquaintances, while the old apothecary came shuffling along the gravel-walk. And the witness to this commonplace parting little guessed the struggle and the conquest that it sealed.

By one o'clock, Sir Andrew was in Salisbury. He found a note awaiting him at the inn. It ran thus:

DEAR SIR ANDREW,—No luck at present. I am off to town by the next train, but I don't despair yet.

Yours truly,

LOWNDES CARTARET.

When the baronet read that he was sore displeased. And if he did not rend his clothes, after the manner of the wrathful kings of Judah, he rent his language, at least, with a vengeance, as he walked up and down the little inn-parlour, scattering oaths broadcast. In this implacable frame of mind, he set off for the widow's house.

Maud was prepared, by Lowndes's announcement, for this inevitable visit. She said to herself that she would be as conciliatory as possible; she would set a guard upon her tongue; but she would be firm as a rock.

And as a rock, in truth, she received the white-crested breakers of Sir Andrew's tide of reproach and indignation, as wave after wave rolled in, and broke over her, in a foam of vituperation. She was a disgrace to the family—a byword in the county: she had broken her step-mother's

heart: no young lady would ever associate with her again: her conduct could never be forgotten, as long as she remained unmarried. And yet—would it be believed? In her degraded position, a young man of good connexion and fortune offered her his hand—and, it seemed, she actually refused him! This was the crowning act of all! She was only fit for Bedlam. If it were printed in a book, no one would believe it. He went on thus for nearly an hour; and Maud sat listening to him with wonderful patience, resolved to try and let the storm expend itself, before reaching the only point which could have any practical result. The curate's luckless candour had exposed him to the baronet's attack; and he did not spare him.

"And I suppose now you'll marry this scoundrel! But the whole county shall hear what he is, you may depend on it. I'll go to the bishop this very day. We shall see whether a blackguard of this kind can decoy away—"

"I can't hear you speak of Mr. Miles in this way, Sir Andrew. He knew as little about my leaving Mortlands, or where I went, as you did. If it appeases you to know that I shall never marry him, you may rest assured I never shall. But I mean to remain here for the present, as he has asked me to do so, and his aunt is very ill."

"It is very remarkable," said Sir Andrew, with a sneer, for her assurance had appeased him somewhat, "that you who are so sensitive about being dependent upon me, should not hesitate to be dependent upon an utter stranger."

"I am of use. It was because I was of no use at Mortlands, but only a burden, that I could stand it no longer."

Did Sir Andrew's conscience prick him with a remembrance of certain hard things he had said, in those days? It is scarcely likely; that instrument of self-torture being somewhat blunt in the baronet's case. But he repeated the words:

"Of no use! Stuff! Of what use is a girl in your station ever expected to be? But there's no arguing with you, I know of old. How long do you remain here? You can't stay here with this old woman for ever."

"I have no very definite plans. Of course I shan't remain here for ever."

"Well, we go to town next month. There's your room, you know, in Eaton-

square, if you choose to come. Of course I can't make you. You're your own mistress. But after all the anxiety you have caused your mother, if you have a spark of good feeling—"

"No," interrupted Maud, in her quick way, "I can't go to Eaton-square, unless mamma is ill, and really wants me. I will go then, for it is a duty; but not otherwise. But I will write to her, and I promise not to leave this, without letting her know my plans. You see you have extracted two promises from me, Sir Andrew: let that suffice for the present."

He stayed some time longer, and he talked a good deal more, chiefly about Lowndes: but he gained no further advantage. The limits of concession, which Maud had marked out, she adhered to.

Sir Andrew returned to Mortlands that evening in a very bad humour; and with but one consolation. He had Maud's assurance that she would never marry the curate; and, after this statement, he knew her too well to have any further uneasiness on that head. But as to the Cartaret marriage, when he had urged it on her, she had refused to listen to him; stating in almost the same words that she had used in reference to Miles, that she should never be Lowndes's wife. It was too provoking, just as a loophole was provided to escape creditably from this "fix!" Moreover, there was the strait in which he had placed himself touching Miles. After the language Sir Andrew had used, how was he to hold out the hand of condescending apology to the man who lived at his park-gates, and whom he had so grossly vilified?

It is needless to say that he had not carried out his threatened visit to the bishop.

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**Bonus Year 1870.**

**SEVENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.**

**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE  
INSURANCE COMPANY.**

ESTABLISHED 1809.

Incorporated by Royal Charter and Special Acts of Parliament.

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*North British & Mercantile Insurance Company.*

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THE Funds accumulated in the Life and Annuity Departments, specially invested to meet the obligations in these Departments, amounted, as at 31st December 1869, to **£2,203,659 12 10**

The Funds are invested as follows, viz.—

1. Loans on Real Security . . . . .	£1,684,515	8	8
2. Loans secured over Public Rates . . . . .	33,696	3	5
3. Loans on Personal Security, with Policies . . . . .	163,345	18	2
4. Loans on Policies within the Surrender Values . . . . .	87,244	15	7
5. Purchase of Life Interests, Post-Obits, and Reversions . . . . .	37,662	17	3
6. Real Estate . . . . .	11,039	8	10
7. East Indian Railway Debentures, guaranteed by Council of State for India . . . . .	100,412	10	0
8. Canadian Government Securities . . . . .	30,580	18	3
9. Premiums in course of Collection, Cash at Branches, and Credit Premiums, etc. . . . .	53,797	1	9
10. Government Life Annuities . . . . .	1,472	0	3
11. Teachers' Society Account, etc. . . . .	634	2	1

£2,204,401 4 3

Less Credit Balances . . . . . 741 11 5

**£2,203,659 12 10**

In addition, there is the Paid-up Capital of £250,000 0 0  
And of the subscribed, but unpaid Capital of 1,750,000 0 0

**£2,000,000 0 0**

The Life Revenue for the Year (1869) consisted of—

1. Life Premiums . . . . .	£269,387	1	4
2. Interest on Funds, etc. . . . .	94,217	0	11

**£363,604 2 3**

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## *North British & Mercantile Insurance Company.*

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WITH PARTICIPATION IN THE PROFITS

ANNUAL PREMIUMS. BY UNIFORM SCALE.				ANNUAL PREMIUMS. BY HALF PREMIUM SCALE.		
Age.	Premium.	Age.	Premium.	Age.	First Five Years.	Remainder of Life.
20	£1 18 2	36	£2 18 6	20	£1 2 0	£2 1 10
21	1 19 1	37	3 0 0	22	1 3 2	2 4 1
22	2 0 1	38	3 2 0	24	1 4 6	2 6 7
23	2 1 2	39	3 4 1	26	1 6 0	2 9 5
24	2 2 3	40	3 6 1	28	1 7 6	2 12 4
25	2 3 5	41	3 7 11	30	1 9 1	2 15 3
26	2 4 8	42	3 9 11	32	1 10 8	2 18 4
27	2 6 0	43	3 12 0	34	1 12 6	3 1 9
28	2 7 4	44	3 14 4	36	1 14 7	3 5 7
29	2 8 7	45	3 16 7	38	1 16 10	3 10 0
30	2 9 10	46	3 19 1	40	1 19 4	3 14 8
31	2 11 1	47	4 1 11	42	2 1 10	3 19 6
32	2 12 5	48	4 4 10	44	2 4 7	4 4 9
33	2 13 10	50	4 11 11	46	2 7 9	4 10 9
34	2 15 5	55	5 11 2	48	2 11 6	4 17 11
35	2 17 0	60	6 16 2	50	2 16 2	5 6 9

Tables of Premium have been framed to suit all contingencies connected with life.

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Being an *increase* over the Premiums of

1868 of . . . . . 89,884 18 2

The Reserve Fund and Premium Suspense

Account, after deducting all Losses,

Charges, and Dividend for the year,

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CHAPMAN & Co's. Entire Wheat Flour is the only children's food which combines, in due proportions, the various elements necessary properly to nourish all parts of the body :

**FOR INFANTS**—It is invaluable ; for the large proportion of phosphates (bone earth) contained in it, promotes free growth of the teeth and bones, and much lessens the pain of teething, which is often caused by a deficient supply of this necessary material.

**FOR CHILDREN**—It is a very useful diet, and should always be used in preference to white starch foods, such as corn flour, &c., which are deficient in muscle and bone-forming materials.

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*For Testimonials see other side.*

Retail of Family Grocers and Druggists, &c., in 3d., 6d., and 1s. packets, and 3s. tins; Wholesale of the Sole Proprietors,

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*Inventors and Manufacturers of*

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## Rice Starch.

FOR WHICH HAS BEEN AWARDED  
THE GOLD MEDAL  
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All the Year Round Advertising Sheet.—September 1, 1870.

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I willingly bear testimony to the excellence of the flour and bisuits supplied by you to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, on their excursion up the Nile. The custards, soufflés, omelets, and rolls, made from your Prepared Flour were pronounced by the whole party to be excellent.

From the *Lancet*, 2nd April, 1870.

The fine ground flour of the Entire Wheat is proved, therefore, to be altogether the most desirable for general consumption, and we hope it will take the place of the purely starchy compounds now in use, both in the case of children and of adults.

Extract from a Chemical Report by Professor ATTFIELD, F.C.S.,

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Its richness in gluten or flesh-forming material, and earthy phosphate or bone and teeth-forming substance, show it to be a very valuable food, especially for Children. It is incomparably superior to Arrowroot, Corn-flour, and other forms of starch which contribute but little to the formation of bone or muscle.

Extract from a Report on Chapman & Co.'s "Patent Entire Wheat Flour," to the Under-Secretary of State for India, by Sir J. RANALD MARTIN, C. B., Inspector-General of Hospitals.

These facts point out the flour of the Entire Wheat as a specially valuable nutriment to all persons, whether in health or disease, and of whatever age or country.

Extract of a Letter from J. LANGDON DOWN, Esq., M.D., F.C.P.,

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# Orlando Jones & Co.,

(Proprietors of Chapman & Co.'s Entire Wheat Flour,)

Beg to call attention to the fact that since, in 1840, they patented their process for the manufacture of

## Rice Starch,

Although upward of fifty patents in connection with this process have been taken out, *no improvement whatever on their original process has been made, and the principle of that process has now been adopted by every manufacturer of Rice Starch.*

On every occasion on which ORLANDO JONES & Co. have exhibited their manufacture—at the Great Exhibition in 1851, the International Exhibition in 1862, the Paris Exhibition in 1867, the Havre Exhibition in 1868, and the Altona Exhibition in 1869—they have obtained the highest distinctions awarded to any Rice Starch manufacturer. At the last Great Exhibition in England, the Jurors especially refer to the unchanged character of the trade since their last Report, ten years before, and thus confirm the distinction officially awarded to ORLANDO JONES & Co., as the Original Inventors and Manufacturers of that Starch which now possesses the highest reputation, and is in the most extensive use.

The latest distinction received by ORLANDO JONES & Co. is the great

## GOLD MEDAL

Of the Académie Nationale, Paris.

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See that each packet bears the name of ORLANDO JONES and CO., without which none is genuine.

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# CHAPMAN & Co's

## ENTIRE WHEAT FLOUR

For making Digestive Bread, Cakes, and Biscuits.

It has now for a long time past been recognized by all who have studied the question, that a great mistake is committed in selecting very white flour for bread making, and rejecting the *branny* portions of the wheat grain. The latter contains very valuable substances and salts, that, taken into the body, go to form bone, flesh, and nerve, as well as to assist in the digestion of starchy matters. The use of white flour, which consists almost entirely of *starch*, is apparent in the weakness of the bones, and defectiveness of the teeth of town children, who are generally fed on white bread.

The difficulty, however, of using the bran, on account of the irritation caused by the mechanical action of the flakes upon the intestines, has been so great as hitherto to confine within small limits the use of brown bread.

This difficulty is now completely removed by CHAPMAN AND Co.'s Patent, whereby every part of the grain is obtained in such a form as not to irritate the weakest stomach, while its nutritive excellence remains unimpaired.

The bread made from CHAPMAN AND Co.'s Entire Wheat Flour is of a pale brown colour *without any flakes*, and will be found very palatable and twice as nutritious as ordinary bread. It has also the advantage of keeping fresh much longer.

The Flour may be had at Current Prices in 28 lb. and 56 lb. bags, and 140 lb. and 280 lb. sacks, of all Corn-chandlers, Bakers, &c.; wholesale of the Manufacturers,

**ORLANDO JONES & CO.,**  
18, BILLITER STREET, LONDON, E.C.



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Increased facilities for Manufacture now enable the WHEELER & WILSON MFG Co. to produce Machines at a cheaper rate, and to supply the increasing demand. They offer to the Public the benefit of these advantages, and furnish the Machines WITH IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS.

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And also upon a system of EASY PAYMENTS, by which they are brought within the reach of all.

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  6. Simplicity and thoroughness of construction.
  7. Speed, ease of operation and management, and quietness of movement.

To guard the Public against base Counterfeits of the Genuine WHEELER & WILSON Machines, this Trade Mark is now placed upon each Machine.

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And 73, Bold Street, Liverpool.



# COLMAN'S

## BRITISH

# CORN-FLOUR

is prepared from RICE, the staple food of more than Three Hundred Millions (300,000,000) of People, and is unequalled for Blanc-Mange, Custards, Puddings, Cakes, Soups, &c., and is the most wholesome and easily digestible Food for Children and Invalids.

### TESTIMONIAL.

## COLMAN'S BRITISH CORN-FLOUR.

**EDWIN LANKESTER, M.D., F.R.S., Reports—***"Rice-Flour is Corn-Flour, and I regard this preparation of Messrs. Colman's as superior to anything of the kind now before the public."*

(Medical Officer of Health, St. James's, Westminster, &c. &c.)

### DIRECTIONS FOR USE.

#### BLANC-MANGE.

Take four ounces (or four full-sized table-spoonfuls) of the Flour, and one quart of milk, sweetened to the taste, then add a pinch of salt. Mix a portion of the milk (cold) with the Flour into a thin paste; then add the remainder hot, with a piece of lemon-peel or cinnamon. Boil gently for eight to ten minutes, well stirring it all the time, and (after taking out the peel) pour it into a mould to cool. Serve with preserved fruit, jelly, &c.

#### BAKED PUDDING.

Three ounces (or three full-sized table-spoonfuls) of the Flour to a quart of milk. Mix and boil in the same manner as for Blanc-mange. When cool add two eggs, previously well beaten, stir them well together, and bake for about half an hour.

#### INFANTS' FOOD.

Mix two full-sized tea-spoonfuls of the Flour with a little cold water into a paste. Add half a pint of hot milk and water, sweeten to the taste, and boil for about five minutes. To be used warm.

#### CUP-PUDDING FOR INFANTS.

Mix a full-sized dessert-spoonful of the Flour with half a pint of milk, a lump of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Boil for eight minutes (stirring it all the time), and then add one egg well beaten. Mix thoroughly and pour into a buttered cup, tie up in a cloth, and again boil for about ten minutes. Serve it hot.

#### BOILED CUSTARD.

Take two full-sized table-spoonfuls of the Flour and a quart of milk, sweetened to the taste. Mix a little of the milk cold with the Flour; flavour it, and add two eggs, beaten up, three table-spoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and a small piece of butter. Add the remainder of the milk hot, and boil altogether for three minutes, stirring quickly.

#### CAKE

Eight ounces of the Flour, three of butter, six of sugar, three eggs thoroughly well beaten, and a tea-spoonful of baking powder. Mix well, and bake in patty-tins.

### OTHER WAYS OF USING THE FLOUR.

Prepared as ARROWROOT, it is excellent for invalids.

As GRUEL, prepare with milk in the ordinary way.

For CHILDREN, this Flour makes most nutritious and economical food.

For thickening SOUPS and GRAVIES it is very good.

For GRAVY JELLY, boil in water, mix with a little strong meat gravy, and put into a shape to cool.

As CORN-FLOUR CREAM, prepare in the usual way.

## COLMAN'S BRITISH CORN-FLOUR

Is to be obtained of all Grocers and Druggists, in 1 lb.,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., and  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. Packets.